

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



FAITH.

(See Large Engraving.)

In presenting to our readers the symbolic figure of Charity (see No. 16), we took occasion to remark on the kindred races with which Charity was associated—namely Faith and Hope. The Charity about which the Apostle Paul speaks in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is something very different from the generous impulse of a benevolent nature; it is higher, better, more comprehensive than anything of the unchanged human heart is capable. It springs from FAITH in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that which "is not of faith is sin."

FAITH. We need not bewilder each other, dear reader, with scholastic definitions of faith, nor draw nice distinctions between its various phases. For a minute, look at the figure by which this grace is symbolised by our artist. A woman seated on a rock, her foot firmly treading down a serpent, her arms about the cross, on which there hangs a crown of thorns, an open Gospel by her side—a finger pointed heavenward!

What do these things suggest? That we poor mortals—weak, erring, sinful—with evil hearts, alienated from God, with stubborn wills unsoftened by His grace, with dark doubts, dismal forebodings unilluminated by His light—may still find Peace and Rest. Peace and Rest, where shall they be found? Not in wealth, not in what the world calls pleasure, not in the retreat from the world and the calm musings of philosophy. There is in all of us—hide it as we may—duty it as we may—a sense of sin—of sin that separates us from God our Father, and that makes us tremble at the thought of Death and Judgment. There is no peace—no rest for the soul under these convictions. The poor trembling spirit looks round wearily for refuge—like Noah's dove, fluttering over the waste of waters, it can find no rest until it comes to the ark—Christ.

Dear reader! ask yourself, are you ready to meet God? to stand at His judgment bar? have you confidence that He will acquit you and welcome you? You hesitate, you turn pale, you tremble! Why? Because the sense of unpardoned sin is upon you; because you feel the bite of the serpent, and know—as God knows—that dying as you are now, you die the death that never dies.

But there is no hesitation in your answer—there is a bright smile on your face, the language of joy and confidence on your lips. Why? Because you believe; because—as those who were bitten by the fiery serpents in the wilderness lifted up their eyes to the brazen serpent, and, believing God's word, lived—as you have looked to Jesus, who bears our sins in His own body on the tree. You have fled to Him, you have found a refuge in Him, you have cast yourself entirely upon Him; you have no other plea, and you need no other. *Christ died for me; I believe it, my Faith relies on Him.*

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lend the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Fame and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of grace and truth.

Faith takes God at His word. It believes that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; that the soul that sinneth must die; that death hath passed upon us all, in that all have sinned. But it is lifted out of the despondency into which these facts must plunge it, by believing that God hath found a ransom, that "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish but have everlasting life." It looks to Jesus "the author and finisher of our faith," the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending of our salvation, and relies on God's words, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseeth from all sin." All sin—however deep, however heinous, however aggravated—it cleanseeth from all—no sinner too vile for Christ to save. "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him; by his stripes we are healed." "All we like sheep have gone astray, but the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

And faith, which brings us thus, through Jesus Christ, into close communion with God—which justifies us from all sins, and makes us, by the converting, regenerating influence of the blessed Spirit, children of

God—this faith helps us to walk the path of duty—to stand in the evil day, to press toward the mark to the prize of our high calling. What is the victory which overcomes the world?—our faith! To whom is Christ precious?—to them that believe! What quickens to the duties of holy obedience? Faith. "I will show thee my faith by my works!" What is that which promotes inward piety and purifies the heart? Faith. What is that which gives us fortitude in the hour of trial? Faith. "I had fainted unless I had believed." What is that which spiritualizes the affections? Faith; for we "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen;" and what is that which is to be the source of all peace and comfort? Faith. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."

Is this faith yours? Is your house for eternity founded on the Rock of Ages?—Christ is that Rock. Are you leaning for support amid all trials and changes on His cross? Do you glory in it? Are His promises to you exceeding great and precious? Are you, by His faith, trampling the evil one beneath your feet? Or is it all to you as a tale that is told?

Dear reader, remember it is appointed unto all once to die. We must all stand before God's judgment seat; we must give account of the deeds done in the body. How will it be with you when death is at hand? How will it be with you in the dread hour of judgment? "There is but one name given among men whereby they may be saved—the name of Jesus only." "He that believeth shall be saved—he that believeth not shall be condemned." "He died for us." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

"HARRIET Elizabeth Georgiana, Duchess of Sutherland, is, by connection, one of the very noblest of England's female aristocracy, and by noble deeds the very foremost of noble women. She is the third daughter of George, third Earl of Carlisle, K.G., by the Lady Georgiana Cavendish, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. She was born in 1806, and married in 1823 to the Duke of Sutherland, who then bore, by courtesy, the title of Earl Gower. She has been blessed with eleven children, one of whom is the present Duke, another the Duchess of Argyll, another will be Duchess of Leicestershire, and a third will be Marchioness of Westminster. The Duchess of Sutherland was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen during the liberal administration, until the Duke's death in 1861, when she resigned that honourable office.

"But this elevated position, inherited by birth, and obtained by favour, of itself would claim no special notice on the part of the British public: it is the use of her position and station that claims and justly merits admiration and applause. One or two instances may be cited in illustration of the excellence of her judgment, and her hearty sympathy for the oppressed. To 1851 the cause of the poor slaves in North America excited her active aid. She, in common with the whole people of England, had listened to the tales of sorrow and of degradation which the miserable blacks related on their escape from the horrors of their bondage. But, not content with merely listening, she organised a popular movement against the inhuman traffic, which commanded the co-operation of England's enlightened sisterhood. At her town residence, Stafford House, meetings were held, and the famous address to the ladies of America from their sisters in England, expressing, as it did, in proper and feeling terms the strong indignation which the women of England felt for the whole system of slavery, was there drawn up, which received an immense number of signatures. With such views and feelings, it is no wonder that the Duchess, on the arrival of Mrs. Stowe, whose tale of "Uncle Tom" had held the English people like a spell, should give her the cordial and kindly greeting of a sister. That tale, so wondrous in its elaboration, though a fiction, has been proved in all its material details to be a fact; or, in other words, facts have been wrought into a narrative, the merest details of which would have called up feelings of revolt and indignation in the breast of every honest man and woman, but which, surrounded with the genius and pathos of Mrs. Stowe, have literally commanded the attention and attention of a whole nation. Innumerable hearts have been moved by the recital of the incidents of that tale on behalf of a people whose only crime was

appearing in a colour designed for them by their Maker.

"Well would it have been for the commercial and social prospects of America if at the commencement of 1860 every slave had been declared free. Because this was not done, a curse has come upon the people, which has destroyed their homes, decimated the population, and entailed upon them miseries which will be felt for many generations yet unborn. The certain law of retribution is not less binding upon nations than upon individuals: wrong to man, not less than wrong to God, must have its punishment in this life; and, although at times it may seem that God has forgotten the sin and the sinner, yet there might come a period when the evil shall be punished and the sin meet with its reward. All honour, then, to the Duchess for her willing aid and service in the cause of the poor black. When the history of slavery is written, when all over the world slavery is declared to be a crime, then most honourable mention be made of the Duchess, whose service, if not as distinguishable as that of Willmore or Clarkson, is not less pure, not less sincere, not less earnest.

"And still more recently has this excellent lady won great opinions in her reception of her countryman, Garibaldi, the future's noble, whose early life was a heritage of suffering, but always a protest against wrong and the wrong-doer, found in the Duchess a friend who could appreciate his greatness, who knew that the doors of Stafford House and the lordly Chatsworth could be open to none more truly worthy than the saviour of Italy. It was well that the Duchess and her noble son should fill their saloons with England's rank and talent, to do their guest honour. The proudest of them might well envy the fame and character of that simple man, who sat in their midst uncorrupted by state or pageant; whose tastes, while sitting at the banquet, which would have done honour to kings, were as simple and as primitive as when dining in his island home. The Duchess did well so to entertain that man; and Garibaldi, in return, taught the lesson of the possibility of living simply and truthfully in the midst of the utmost luxury and profusion. Many who have been great in the field, who could withstand toil and danger, face death if needed, have yet fallen beneath the temptations of the table, or the praise of a whole people. Not so, Joseph Garibaldi. After he left the shores of England, where he had, perhaps, more than any Roman triumph, instead of being destroyed by the flattery and adulation which were poured upon him, he was greater in his humility, and had been greater in his deeds and words, than when he first stood upon English ground. The Duchess of Sutherland well interpreted the feelings of England's sons and daughters in her generous reception of Garibaldi. She did that which every woman here would do. She was accoured, and felt the honour, of being the entertainer of a man—the highest, noblest work of God.

"But not to the distinguished merely has the Duchess shown friendship. Many whom the world would have passed or trodden under foot have been rescued and succoured by this noble lady. Art has been in her a patron, and poverty a friend. Her best works have been done without ostentation or parade, her left hand not knowing of the actions of her right; and her nearest relatives and friends being ignorant of deeds of benevolence and charity which have blest the giver and the gift. Well may we say, then, that the Duchess of Sutherland, though in the possession of a hereditary title only inferior to that of royalty, has earned for herself a still higher title, because, purchased by a life having for its motto—*DUTY*—"*Famous Girls*," by John May Darton.

WEDDED HAPPINESS.—"There is a place on the earth where pure joys are unknown, from which politeness is banished and has given room to selfishness, contradictions, and half-veiled insinuations. Remorse and inquietude, like furies that are never weary of assailing, torment the inhabitants. This place is the house of a wedded pair, who have no mutual love, nor even esteem. There is a place on the earth to which vice has no entrance—where the gloomy passions have no empire—where pleasure and innocence live constantly together—where cares and labours are delightful—where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness—where there is an equal enjoyment of the past, the present, and the future. It is the house, too, of a wedded pair, but of a pair who, in wedlock, are lovers still. Nay, what a poor dull world this would be without the presence and the play of the children! Their life is a kind of perpetual sunshine, and theirs are every where diffusing, and thus a sort of universal gladness. No one can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make his heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges."

REMINISCENCES OF THE WORK-ROOM.

BY AN OVERLOOKER.

No. II.—HETTY HOWARD.

The girls were working merrily enough one cold day in the winter. Too much noise is prohibited, but this day, it being the master's birthday, was a red one in our calendar, and the girls chatted, or sang, or laughed, as their inclinations prompted them. We had a nice set of girls then, so far as I knew them. Poor Matty Morris and her sad fate had been a warning to them, and they had grown far more steady and cautious than before. Moreover they had settled down to their work. They had seen that there was a worse fate than that which compelled them to earn an honest livelihood by the industry of their fingers. And as I have said, they were merry enough on the master's birthday, with reason; for, to show his appreciation of the diligent manner in which they had attended to the work lately, he was going to give them half-a-day's holiday, and free admission to a grand concert in the evening.

Of course the main point of the conversation was, as to the dress the girls were to wear. Always an interesting theme, it was especially so now, and everyone intended to look her very best.

"Of course we shall. As it will cost us nothing for the concert, surely we can afford to wear our best clothes."

"I shall."

"And I," churred the others.

"I suppose Hetty Howard will go in her old shawl and brown bonnet," said one of them.

At which the others laughed, and the warm blood flushed up into Hetty's face and neck.

"I can't think what she does with her money."

"Oh, I know; she is saving it all up. A regular miser she is, I can tell you."

"I dare say, if the truth was known, she would rather have her shilling and stay away from the concert."

"Shall I ask the master for you, Hetty?"

She was going on quietly with her work, trying to look unconcerned at the girl's good humoured raillery. But her eyes swam, and her lips trembled as she tried to shape them into a smile, replying,—"You ask the master, Mary. You know you would be afraid to speak to him, much more to ask him for a shilling."

Which apt reply turned the mirth upon Mary, and left Hetty to her own thoughts.

Still this curiosity as to what Hetty did with her money was an old subject. She never paraded the streets and squares on Sunday, dressed out in mockery of a lady. Indeed, although the girls liked Hetty always, there was not one who would not have been ashamed to walk beside her; she looked so shabby. And yet she earned as much as any—more than many of them.

I may not tell you how I became acquainted with the following facts; but I will describe to you the way in which Hetty spent her half-holiday.

On her way home she stopped opposite a bonnet shop. "Certainly mine is very shabby," she thought, "and I have money enough to buy a new one; but—" and with a strange sweet light in her eyes, she passed on to another shop, a butcher's; she bought a little lean mutton chop, and hastened home with it. The fire was out, but she soon kindled it; and, looking as happy as a queen, proceeded to cook the chop and three potatoes. In the midst of her pleasant work, her mother came home.

"You here, Tet?"

"Yes, mother, we have a holiday, it is master's birthday. Have you had your dinner?"

"No; that is the worst of charring for half a day: you just have to come away as the dinner is ready. I thought they might have given me some to-day; but it doesn't matter." And she went to the cupboard and got out some bread and butter.

"Mother, I dare say you would like a chop."

The mother looked at her a little wistfully, but replied, "O no, Hester, I don't care a bit about that."

"Yes, you shall have this one. Now, you needn't say you won't, because you will; I shall run out and get another."

It was placed temptingly before the hungry woman, and she could not resist it.

"Tet, you are a downright good girl, to me as well as Charles,"—but she was gone.

This time she not only went to the butcher's but confectioner's, and at the latter place her purchase was sixpenny worth of calves'-foot jelly. This second chop was taken home, every little bit of fat cut from

it, and then broiled with the greatest attention and care.

"What shall you have for your own dinner, child?"

"I shall do all right, mother, I shall have some of this fat—you know I always like it."

"You deserve that he should live, Tet; I pray that he may for your sake," said the mother, in a tender tone.

Tet did not reply to that; but the tears came into her eyes.

The broiled chop was put into a hot plate, and covered over, and Hester put on her old shawl and brown bonnet, and hurried with it through two or three streets, to the door of a house; then she hesitated, and with a true woman's timidity, and dread of impropriety, looked round, afraid of being detected; not seeing any one she knew, she lifted the latch, entered, and went upstairs to a little back room on the second floor. Her tap was eagerly answered by a "Come in."

It was a very small room, but as clean, and comfortable, and bright, as poverty could make it. On a rough kind of couch reclined a young man, very helpless, and but for the brightness which her entrance had brought, very pale and emaciated.

"Now, Charlie, boy, eat this while it's hot, please." And while he did so, she busied herself about the room, sweeping up the hearth, and so on.

"I suppose Mrs. Brockley is busy, this morning?"

"Yes, she has only been up once."

"Ah, she must have enough to do with all her children. No, you mustn't have a bit of that chop. And as it's a grand day, you know, I have brought a little extra." And she uncovered the jelly.

He took the spoonful she offered him, but somehow he could not swallow it. A yearning, regretful look came over his face, so painful to see in a man. Hetty knew what it meant, and began to talk it away.

"Oh, Charlie, such grandeur as there is to be at the concert to-night! Such ribbons and laces, such silks and satins,—and as for the crinolines! I shouldn't wonder if they charged master for two sittings for some of the girls."

"Are you going?"

"Well, I suppose I must, or perhaps Mr. Wright will think me ungrateful for his kindness; otherwise I will not. But before I go, Charlie, I want you to consent to something."

"What?"

"To see the doctor again."

"No, no, Hetty. He will have nothing cheering to tell us. I shall remain to trouble you a few more months, until perhaps your last shilling has been spent, and then—"

"Nonsense, Charlie, I don't believe it. You must be either better or worse, and I cannot think you are worse. Anyhow, I should like to know his opinion, whatever it may be."

"But I cannot let you incur that fresh expense. Oh, Hetty, it is almost more than I can bear, when I think of all you have done for me. I, who thought to be working for you, and taking care of you long before this, am lying here as helpless as a child, while you are toiling day and night for me."

"Why, Charlie, you have a proud fit this afternoon."

"Hetty, do you ever feel sorry that you love me so well?"

"Why, no. Of course not. Why should I?"

"But for that, you would have been far happier and better off, and I should have died long ago in the workhouse. But you load me with kindnesses—and I—O my darling, my darling—" He fairly broke down, leant his head on Hetty's shoulder, and wept.

A very self-willed little woman Hetty must have been, for she fetched the doctor after all.

He examined him, sounded him, asked about a dozen questions, and gave it as his decided opinion that the patient was better.

"Indeed, there is no comparison between your state now and when I saw you before."

A kind-hearted man the doctor was, who loved to do good to the poor. He looked at the five-shilling fee which Hetty laid down. "Well, I tell you what," said he, "this money will be sufficient to pay for some strengthening medicine which I will send."

Hetty went to the door with him. He said, "I suppose you could not manage to send him into the country for a week or two? I believe, if he could go to some warm place for change of air, he would soon be well and strong again." In fact, there is little the matter now but weakness.

I think if the girls could have seen Hetty's face at that minute, they would all have wanted to forego the concert, and ask the master for the shilling that they might give it to her.

The Doctor did see it. "Howard," he said, "I

know you are a good, steady girl, and keep well at your work. If you like I will lend you the money. I have no doubt at all that Smith will soon be able to go to work, and then he can repay me."

The girls, gaily dressed, with their lovers beside them, seemed greatly to enjoy the concert that night. But Hetty Howard, who came in for an hour, and sat near the door in her old shawl and brown bonnet, had, I ween, a deeper joy at her heart than any of them.

Charles Smith went into the country and rapidly got well. His old employer promised to take him back and raise his wages five shillings per week, as soon as he should be able to return. This buoyed up his spirit, and he was soon enabled to resume his occupation. And if he deserves the name of a man, if he is as good as we believe him to be, what a happy life there is for Hetty. Will he ever feel that he has done enough for her, or that he is so good a husband as she deserves? He never will. As soon as his strength was established, he worked almost night and day. They had not much money to begin with; but they engaged a new house, in which, after he had done his day's work, he loved to spend an hour getting ready for Hetty. He painted and papered the rooms with his own hands, and made several articles of furniture. He used to say to himself as he worked, "She shall have everything the best I can get it—she deserves it—God bless her."

There was great joy at their wedding; for it sealed a compact that had not been entered into thoughtlessly, as some similar ones have been. Charles did not marry Hester for her pretty face, and fine clothes. Hester did not marry Charles because he had treated her to the theatre, and walked about the streets with her. This was at an attendance based upon mutual respect, and knowing each other well, they had perfect confidence. Moreover, it was an attachment upon which the blessing of Hester's mother rested.

And Hester is very happy. Nothing could exceed the thoughtful tenderness of her husband. Men are often selfish in their homes. But Charles considers that he has had his selfish time. He saves her every trouble in his power. He never forgets to bring home some little dainty on Saturday nights, to tempt her appetite. He does not go to the public house to spend the chief part of his earnings—he is too glad to bring them to her.

Hetty never expects to be a lady; but she is a truly enviable person, for she has earned the lasting affection of an honest man—earned it by her womanly kindness and self-denial.

M. F.

SONGS OF THE WORKERS.—No. 6; BRIGHT DAYS DAWN UPON US ALL.

TUNE—"Hard times come again no more."

LET us pause in our sorrows and look the sunny side,
While we count our blessings o'er and o'er,
Trouble falls on our spirits, but cannot there abide,
And past woes shall grieve us never more.
Though the night's long and dreary
Bright days, bright days, dawn upon us all;
We are rich in the blessings that round about us fall,
Oh, bright days come to greet and smile.

We have peace, we have plenty, our hearts are strong
And brave,
And our work keeps measure to our song;
Though our lot may deny us the good we sometimes crave,
Yet the good time coming is not long.
Though the night's long, &c.

'Tis a song that is wafted across the troubled sea,
Of the life that is mingled, good and ill;
For the good God can see us wherever we may be,
And His love shall make us happy still.
Though the night's long, &c.

Let us take up our burden, and cheerily go on,
There are bright days coming to the poor,
Till the hours of our sorrow for evermore be gone,
Let us strive to patiently endure.
Though the night's long, &c.

Let us fear not the future, for brighter it shall be,
Than the dark days God has helped us through;
Let us rise o'er our sorrows, and stand among the free,
Let us all be brave and strong and true.
Though the night's long, &c.

M. F.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

APRIL, 1865.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET DEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury.*

WORDS TO MOTHERS.

CHILDREN are tyrants. There are very few mothers but know this to be a fact. They have decedent wills of their own, to which they are ingenious in bending adverse circumstances. Their natures are destructive. Every glittering thing in the house, every beautiful relic that can by any means be pressed into the toy service, is pretty sure to be rapidly broken. Tom, Harry, and Susan all want the same thing at the same time. They cannot each have it. So there are strummings, and kicking, and fightings, and cryings, till the mother sighs in bewilderment, "I don't know what to do with the children."

Many mothers must have been struck with a little tale in last month's *BRITISH WORKWOMAN*, entitled, "A Mother's Troubles; the Children want something to do." No truer line has ever been written than that, "The Children want something to do." They cannot be idle,—exertion, excitement, activity, are as necessary to them as the food they eat; and if no other way is provided for them, they will use their wits and their limbs by getting into mischief,—after which, of course, they are punished.

Now, Mothers, do not be unjust to the children, do not punish them for your own fault. If you keep them pleasantly and actively employed, they will be good children; if you will not take the requisite trouble, they will be bad, or rather, mischievous. Set them to pick old towels into threads, set them to build houses of bricks and bits of wood, set them to draw men and railway trains and churches on their slates—above all, send them to school. There are plenty of schools. The children can be taken care of, kept clean, made happy, and taught something for about 2d. or 3d. per week, and even less. And yet, who would believe it, hundreds of English Mothers, hundreds of British Workwomen, who surely ought to know better, allow their children to cry and quarrel at home, to crawl about the streets, getting filthy clothes, filthy language, filthy habits of all kinds. Why? Either because they, the mothers, will not afford the penny a week, or because they will not take the trouble to wash their children, and mend their clothes. Oh, Mothers, send your little ones to school, and see if good does not come of it.

Will you allow us to remind you of another old, yet ever needful word of advice. *Be firm.* Say what you mean and stick to it unflinchingly. A boy asks for an orange standing temptingly on the mantle-piece—you refuse; he asks again, and again, and at last you give it him. He has been doing wrong—you tell him (in a passion) that you will punish him; minutes pass, you grow cool, you think you will let him off this time, that he will forget what you said. *Not he.* Children have good memories. He will know that you have broken your word. He will know how to behave you next time. Mothers, never say one thing and do another. Let your word be your bond always. Make your children see that what you promise you will perform, whether agreeable or painful to yourselves.

Another little word is, *Never give your child a thing because he cries for it.* Let him cry. It will do him good, expand his chest, strengthen his vocal organs, and cast him down a bit. It is natural for a mother, hard pressed with work and anxiety, to give the boy what he wants, "to stop his noise." But it is one of the very worst things you can do. It will make him a worse little tyrant than he is. You are sowing the seed of a selfish hard-hearted tyrannical man. It is in him already, and you are fostering it. You are helping the child you love to be fretful, peevish, greedy and despotic. All these things want checking, nay, they require to be kept down by a kind but a very firm and strong hand. Therefore, for his sake, and your own, for the sake of the world in which your child will live and work, and exert an influence, never give him what he cries for. "Hard!" Oh no, it is one of the greatest kindnesses you can render him.

The Work Girl at her Mother's Grave.

My Mother's grave! Oh, let me stay
Beside it all this Sabbath day—
It is my day of rest, and here
My heart would shed its hoarded tear—
Would think o'er hours of vanished time—
Of faults that *now* appear like crime!
The reckless word—the heedless way
In which I often said her nay—
The ignorant ingratitude
That made me careless, cold, and rude.

Oh, Mother, Mother, see me now
Upon thy grave in sorrow bow,
And kiss the sod that covers thee,
And wish that it were heaped on me.
Who now looks on me with delight,
Or says I'm "precious to their sight?"
Such kindly words were often thine,
And all the thanklessness was mine!
Who looks for me with anxious care,
And sets my frock and smooths my hair,
And stands beside my little bed,
And says a prayer above my head?

Oh, Mother! once all this I had,
Was happy, thoughtless, free and glad;
Yet never paused to think I owed
To thee the good that round me flowed.
The tender kiss—the kind caress—
The meal—which made thine own the less),
All taken, like the bird that comes
And pecks among the scattered crumbs.
Oh, if those days could back be won
I would not do as I have done—
I'd not prepare for after years
The pang that prompts these bitter tears—
My Mother's grave! Oh, let me stay.
Here to repent, to weep, to pray.

M. L. G.

Another little word is, *Make your child happy.* How he loves you! You are the first to whom he runs in joy or grief, in perplexity or distress. Give the little heart a sympathy. It needs it as much as does yours, which has been tossed about by many a sorrow, and is often lonely and sad, even now. Do not leave him to be happy in his own way, or to get on as he can without any of your interference. Smile upon him, give him gentle words. Even although he is not the baby by two or three removes, take him into your arms occasionally, and let him be your nestling still. He is old enough now to remember what you do and say to him—feed the little heart with your love, give him tender, pleasant things to think of. Make your child happy.

These may seem very little words, but indeed they are very important. Let any mother who has been negligent of these trifles, patiently and

resolutely perform them for one week, and she will see that they are not little things after all.

It is so much easier to the tired, hard working woman, to let these little things slip, but great and good lives may in a measure depend upon them, and those who sow the good seed weeping, shall gather the sheaves with triumphant joy.

Above all, pray for the little ones. You know something of the snares and dangers of this treacherous sea of life, upon which they are now launched, and you know it needs even a stronger than a mother's love to save them. Oh, take the children to the Saviour, that He may lay His hands upon them and bless them.

THE HARDSHIPS OF SERVICE, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

SERVICE!—It is not a very pleasant sounding word. There is something harsh and grating in the idea that it conveys, if not in the word itself. To have continually to do the will of another, and not our own will, is not what we, any of us, like; and is, to some dispositions, so irksome that they would do almost anything to escape the obligation. Many a young girl going home for her holiday, has, no doubt, wished she might never have to go back to her place. If she could be but her own mistress, have nobody to please but herself, she thinks she should be quite happy.

Yet, this is to mistake the whole aim and object of life. Neither masters, mistresses, nor servants are sent into this world to please themselves, and if they were to try and live with no other purpose than selfishly to seek their own happiness, they would but make themselves miserable and not happy.

The giving up of our own wills is not an easy task, but it is a lesson that sooner or later we all have to learn, and if we refuse to learn it by the general dealings of God towards us, we may perhaps be taught it in some very painful way. There is this advantage in the calling of a servant, that the continual self-denial and self-restraint it requires, are great helps to prepare the heart for the exercise of resignation and obedience to the will of God.

The highest and the happiest life on earth is the life of self-sacrifice, that is—giving up our own pleasure for the good of others, for this it is that brings us nearer to Christ. "He pleased not Himself;" He who was King of Kings, and Lord of Glory, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and "took upon Himself the form of a servant." There can, therefore, be nothing degrading in being a servant. The degradation lies in being a *bad* servant, in not trying to do our duty in the state of life to which we are called, or in being dissatisfied with that state; and, in the effort to appear to belong to a higher class, really sinking to a lower level.

A kind and well-conducted servant is worthy of all honour as a *servant*, not as trying to imitate the appearance of a lady. All her efforts to seem such as are out of place as they are useless.

That servants have many hardships to bear, there can be no question. To enter on the wide world, where all is new and strange—to leave father, mother, brothers, and sister, is of itself a heavy trial to them. They may meet with more outward comforts in service, but they cannot help missing the ready sympathy, the warm affection of their cottage home; and if their employers or their fellow-servants take no interest in their concerns, they must keenly feel their separation from those dear to them.

If, therefore, you are a servant, you must not expect to be without trials. Troubles may come to you from the faults of your employers, or your fellow-servants, or from your own wrong doing. Besides which, you may often meet with vexations and crossings of your will that you may fancy to be hardships, though they are really not.

We will first consider the troubles that may be brought upon you by the faults of your mistress. She may perhaps be hard judging and severe; she may exact more from you than you are well able to do, and find needless fault, when you are really trying to do your best. You may have been accustomed to do your work in a different way, and so seem to her

ignorant or stupid, because you cannot easily come into a new plan. You may be feeling unwell, and if you complain, she may think you make a great fuss about a small matter, and if you do not complain, she may never find it out, and so think you idle or sulky.

It may be, however, that your mistress, while very far from intending to be unkind, has, from mere thoughtlessness, but little consideration for her servants. She may be taken up with various occupations, or engrossed with secret cares and anxieties, for mistresses have often many trials to bear that their servants know little of. She may know but little practically of the work she requires to have done, and so be unable to judge fairly about it. It happens to be a particularly busy day, possibly the parlour bell rings twice as often as usual: your mistress may forget some of the directions she had to give you, and so cause you two or three extra journeys up stairs.

Or again, you may be unjustly accused of faults that you have never committed, and incur blame because no pains have been taken to find out the truth.

Now, how are these hardships to be met? They seem to come upon you without any fault of yours, and unless you give up your place (which may not be the wisest thing to do) you cannot escape them.

But this we must consider on a future occasion.

JOE WITLESS;

OR, THE CALL TO REPENTANCE.*

This very interesting volume is the result of well spent moments in the season of deep affliction. It was written during a protracted illness, in the hope thus to redeem some languid hours, which could not be spent in more active service. The writer has done well, and we believe, confidently, that her humble hope will be realized; she has written for children a childlike, but not childish story, calculated to touch the hearts of the little ones, and to guide them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. The simple, unadorned piety of the writer very favourably contrasts with the painfully ostentatious efforts sometimes—alas! too often—made in the name of religion. She writes as one who really feels the power of vital godliness; writes, as one must write, who is looking to Jesus Christ for salvation both from the power and the penalty of sin. There is no idle gloss thrown over the natural corruption of the human heart; there is no compromise with the sentimental religion—if we may use the phrase—which seeks to bring God and man together, by making less of God and more of man, than is warranted by the Bible. We are by nature, and by practice, far away from God, treading the broad road that leads to destruction; and God's grace only can turn our steps into the way of peace, the blood of Christ alone can cleanse us from sin, the influence of the Holy Spirit can alone sanctify our nature; and while, indeed, it is true that we are admonished to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, we must bear in mind the context of that very injunction, it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

The story of Joe Witless is that of the wicked and half-silly son of a praying mother. Joe's mother died when he was only six years old. When she was dying she had kissed him, and then shutting her eyes and clasping her hands, she said, "O, loving Jesus, take care of my poor, foolish boy; my poor boy, who has none else to care for him."

Joe's father was still alive, but he was a very wicked man, and too fully realized what his poor wife described. When she was dead, he taught the boy to lie and steal, and to excuse these things to make himself appear more stupid than he really was, a more idiot, unaccountable for his acts. And Joe became an apt pupil: all the lessons of his mother were forgotten, and the villagers soon said of him he was the most wicked boy they had ever known, as well as the most foolish. Now, an infidel might have pointed at this case as a proof that God [supposing that he admitted that there was a God] plainly cared

nothing for the affairs of men, and that praying breath was spent in vain. But our answer to him would have been, Wait. God's time is not our time. Here is the promise—"Ask and ye shall receive"—will God break his promise?

All that the good people of the village and its neighbourhood could do for Joe, failed. Farmer Marsden had him at his house, and treated him very



JOE'S EARLY VISIT TO THE RECTORY.

kindly, but he was still incorrigible. Jones, the miller, caught him stealing, and flogged him soundly, but that did not mend him. But one Sunday afternoon, when Joe, dirty and idle as usual, was leaning against the side of the public-house, a little girl, named Lucy Evans, on her way to church, saw Joe, and asked him to go with her. She had asked him before, but he had only laughed at her; this time she prayed God to help, and when she said, "Please, Joe, do

our earth on purpose to call sinners to repentance, and it was Jesus Christ who said, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Scarcely had he uttered these words when Joe started to his feet, and looking up at good Mr. Knox, shouted out, 'Then, Joe he's called to repentance—Joe be a big sinner.'

It was the turning point in the boy's life. The mother's prayer was heard. From that day forth Joe was an altered character. But not without a struggle—not without much suffering was this change effected—it was thorough—it cost Joe some hungry hours and much rough usage to escape from the sins to which he had been addicted. Nobody, it seemed, would believe in him.

One morning the Rector saw him, and began to talk to him, and finding he was very sincere—and withal in great distress—sent him on to the rectory, with instructions that he was to have some breakfast. Elated at this idea, and never having been taught proper manners, he announced himself at the front door, by a loud rat-tat-tat, which so enraged the servant-maid, that she not only refused to give him any breakfast—knowing well enough what a false-spoken boy he had been—but threatened to let the dog loose on him. He and the dog were old enemies, and Joe ran away dreadfully frightened. So there seemed no prospect of anybody encouraging Joe to go on in the right way except little Lucy.

One day Lucy found him sitting by a clear spring of water, and evidently thinking seriously. She sat down with him, and he said to her:

"Joe's been a trying to think out a verse that her that's dead taught him, about water and being thirsty; but it won't come back into his head now. Mayhap it be in Lucy's head?"

Lucy's ready answer was, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me;" and when Joe replied, "No, that doesn't be it, Lucy," she said, "Well, is it this one?"—"Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst;" and Joe said, "That be it, Lucy." Then she explained to him as her Sunday-school teacher had explained to her—"When Joe wants water, he is thirsty for it, and will try hard to get it. If Joe wants Jesus, he will feel thirsty for Him. Then if Joe will go to Jesus, he will never thirst badly again in this life; and when he gets to heaven he will never thirst at all." To this Joe answered—

"Joe does want Jesus, Joe does be thirsty for Him, and Joe thinks that him will be thirsty for Jesus for ever, and ever, and ever." "Yes, Joe," said Lucy, "but then it won't be a bad feeling of thirst; it won't be like feeling thirsty in a desert place where there is no water, but only just like feeling thirsty beside a clear spring, as we are doing now, where we can drink whenever we like."

Thus the big rough lad and the gentle modest child talked over of the Saviour they both loved.

We have no space to tell of all that passed before he was called to that Home—where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more. The story throughout is full of instruction—plain, practical piety, illuminating every page.

We heartily recommend it to the attention of our readers. It is a book for children—and a book for mothers, also—a home book, that old and young will do well to ponder.

Of the pictorial illustrations which adorn the volume, the specimen we give will be sufficient notice. Their excellence speaks for itself.



JOE AND LUCY AT THE WELL.

come," Joe said he would. All dirty and ragged as he was, he followed the little girl to church, where the rector, Mr. Knox, was to preach to a congregation of children. Joe seated himself on a bench right in front of the pulpit, and he was very attentive when sermon began. The text was, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and when Mr. Knox had repeated the words twice over, he looked round at Joe, and said, "Jesus Christ came to

THE FATHER'S TRIALS.—Perhaps, there are few sights in social life more painful, than to see, what is seen more than once in a generation, a hard-worked, over-driven father surrounded by extravagant children. Young ladies flaunting in brilliant silks, while he, in a seedy coat, measures his wares at the counter, and, with care-worn lines on his brow, tries to make both ends meet which the same rich silks have pushed far asunder. Young gentlemen riding handsome horses, and idling about at places of pleasure, while their father never ceases the round of labour, goes into the city as regularly as clockwork, to eke out his daily bread literally nothing for his own proper recreation. All the work is his, all the play is theirs; and everybody will admit that this division is not fair. We know more than one family thus situated: where increasing years increase the expense and the care on the bread-winner, and he in vain looks forward to that reprieve to which we are apt to set before us as the reward of toil.

* Morgan and Chase, Lodgegate Hill.

KATE RAYMOND.

KATE RAYMOND and her lover were standing in the cool summer twilight just outside the door of her mother's cottage in the little garden, so full of roses, and sweet scent; but, for all the peacefulness of the calm and happy scene, her tears were falling fast.

"Why should you believe all the idle tales you hear against me, Kate?" he said, pleadingly.

"But you do not deny it, Charles—do you?"

"Yes, I do deny it, and if you will only show me the backbiting fellow who has been telling you tales, I will make him deny them too—see if I don't."

"I have heard two or three people say it of you, Charles. They did not know I was standing so near that I could hear every word; and I thought my heart would break as I listened. I came away at once, and I have not spoken one word about it since, not even to mother, till now to you."

"Tell me their names, Kate."

"No, Charles—at least not now while you are angry. If you tell me that it never was so, I will believe you, and be happy again. Now, tell me!" And Kate looked up into the young man's face with such true, trusting eyes, that his own dropped, and he could not repeat the untruth.

"I don't say I have never taken too much to drink, but I say (and I'll stand to it, Kate) that I'm no drunkard. I may have been short-taken once or twice, as the best of men may be at times, but I defy my worst enemy to say worse of me."

"But, Charles, good men never get drunk."

"Haven't you seen Tom Davis drank scores of times, and yet hasn't he a nice little house of his own now, and a happy wife; and was any one daring enough to say I was as bad as he?"

"But he repented bitterly, and God has helped him to lead a new life. He is a changed man every way."

"Well, I can give up touching a drop of spirits. I can do more than that for your sake, Kate."

"Ask God to help you, dear Charles, and don't try to do it in your own strength!"

"You'll soon see that I don't mean to give one of them a chance of telling their backbiting stories of me again. I wish I had my hand on the fellow's collar who told the story first. I'd soon shake an apology out of him."

"If the one who said it first was really an enemy of yours, and wanted to injure you, you ought to be patient with him for Christ's sake, and remember how patient He is with us; but he was a friend of yours, Charles, and spoke very kindly."

"Then, if he was a friend, should he not have come like a man, and spoken to me face to face?"

"Yes, he should, that's true for you, Charles; but kind people are not always wise."

"I call him a cowardly sneak, whoever he is, and it would do my heart good to tell him so."

"Speak softly, or mother will hear inside."

"Well, Kate, you shall never hear the like story again. So believe me, and be happy once more. Promise me you will be happy."

"Yes, Charles, I will. I believe your word."

Poor Kate! She believed him, as she promised, and was happy; but all she little knew as yet what power the love of drink can gain over a man. How the power gains and gains in strength, slowly but surely, till the whole man is enslaved,—how the beautiful appetite fails, and the craving thirst increases, till it seems as though the wasting human frame enshrined a demon, whose ceaseless cry is "Give! give!" for drink to quench the fiery thirst that nothing can slake. Poor Kate!

"No, William Johnstone. I will not listen to you. He gave me his word that he would not drink again, and I believe him. I know Charles will keep his word with me," said Kate—as she stood at the end of the village street, holding her little sister by the hand—to William Johnstone, who had stopped her. "Send the child on a bit, and listen," he said, earnestly.

"Go on, Minnie, up the street, home, and I'll follow you in a moment, pet." And the child did as she was told. "Now, William, what have you to say, don't keep me, for mother is waiting for what I have in the basket."

"I'm sorry to trouble you with it, Kate; but it's the truth, and you ought to know it."

"Tell me quick, then. And a shade of anxious doubt passed over her face as she spoke."

"Charles is drinking now at the 'Plough.'"

"I cannot believe it, William, indeed."

"Walk down the street with me, then, and you'll see with your own eyes. You don't wish to walk with me? Go by yourself, then; though I wish you'd

take my word for it, that he's there, and spare yourself the pain of such a sight."

"No, William, I'll go myself; if he's there, it is right I should be quite sure."

"I am sorry for you, Kate, from my heart." And the kind young man turned away as he spoke, so as to leave her perfectly free to follow her own inclination. She stood still a moment after he had left her, and lifted up her heart in prayer for comfort and strength; and then she walked down the street quietly towards the "Plough."

She was stopped by a young woman of her own age, who guessed where she was going, and her errand, from her pale face, perhaps.

"Don't go, Katie," her friend said, laying her hand on her dress.

"I must go, Mary," she said, with trembling lips.

"Don't—I saw William speaking to you, and he told you that your young man was about, I guess; he needn't have told you either. Some folks will be too busy by half, always; but I will say this for William, he tried all he could to stop him going in with the rest of that bad lot—he nearly pulled him out by the sleeve, and the other turned on him as violent as you please. There now, you needn't go on—what would you do among all the men? 'twould be no place for you to go in."

"I'm not going in, Mary; but I must go as far as the door."

"Well, I'll go with you." So the two girls walked on about a hundred yards together, to the door of the public-house, and stood an instant; but in that instant a sound broke on their ears that made Kate shiver. A drunken voice was tolling out a verse of a drinking song, and at the end a loud chorus of other voices came in—all the tipsy voices—poor Kate!

Well, she knew the leading voice—poor Kate! "Come along, Kate. We've heard enough of their goings on for one evening, and it's getting late."

"I will, Mary;" but Kate stood as though she heard nothing.

"Come, Kate, its late."

"Where?" said Kate, for her thoughts were not of the clearest, under the sudden stroke.

"Where, girl? Why, home, of course, where else? I'll set her down first; come on, some of them will be coming out soon, and they wouldn't be pleasant to meet." Kate did as she was bid; but, oh, what a thought it was to her that Charles was in such a state that she should be afraid to meet him. Afraid of him who ought to be her best and truest protector in the world.

"He promised me so!" the poor girl said.

"A man who drinks has no word, child,—his only ally to believe him; he cannot help himself, poor fellow. If he was my young man, wouldn't I scold him, wouldn't I, though, just."

"It would do no good, Mary—scolding never does."

Charles knew by Kate's sad face next day that she was aware of his behaviour of the day before. So he began at once—

"I know I deserve the worst scolding you can give me."

"Did I ever scold you, Charles?" she said, sadly.

"No, indeed; but I wish I could only tell you how much I am ashamed of myself—I wish I could."

"Would you have me marry a man, Charles, who has cause to be ashamed of himself? Could I respect a man who cannot respect himself? And could I ever be happy with a husband I couldn't look up to? I couldn't, I know."

"You don't mean to say you're going to throw me overboard?"

"I cannot marry you, Charles."

"Not marry me, Kate? Do you want to break my heart? All the world's against me, and I'm sore vexed with myself, and I looked to have a little comfort from you."

"Indeed, I dare not, Charles; we should only be miserable together."

"It was only once in a way; indeed, Kate, if you'll believe me, I give you my word most solemnly that I'll not touch a drop of liquor again."

Hope revived for a moment in her heart, as she listened to his promise so earnestly spoken, but even then Mary's words came to her mind, "The man who drinks has no word," and the thought of the terrible risk, and dared not run it.

"I dare not listen to you, Charles; it would be worse for both of us if I married you."

"I'll go to the bad entirely, if you give me up, Kate: there'll be nothing to stop me if I haven't got you to think about; but for you I'd drink myself to death in a month." She shuddered at the awful words—but the risk! the risk!

"If you've such a longing for drink, love of me wouldn't stop you; it didn't stop you yesterday. The love of God in your heart, Charles, is the only thing to save you from this sin, and, till you have that, nothing else will help you."

"Don't break with me, and set me despairing, Kate!" he pleaded; but she covered her face with her hands, and turned her weeping face aside.—"Trust me once more!"

"I dare not. If you repent, if you grow steady, and come to me again, then, I won't say 'no, Charles; but now I must say it, and you must not try to change me, for I dare not change."

"You never loved me, Kate!" he said, hoily.

"Oh, Charles! You know I did, and do."

"I'd give nothing for that sort of love, so take it back again, and you're welcome to give it to the first that comes, for all I'll try to stop you, Kate; you'll not be troubled by me any more. So now I'm off to the 'Plough,' to spend the afternoon; and mind, 'twas you sent me there." And with these cruel words he left her.

"Have I done right? I have I driven him to despair?" she asked herself many and many a time that day; but through all the confusion of her mind, one thought came clearly.—"Could I ask God's blessing on it, if I married him?" And she felt that she could not.

She told her good mother all, before she slept that night.

"You have done right, my child," her mother said. "Remember the verse, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' and this sorrow may save you many a sorer one in time to come. We are told over and over again that we are not to put ourselves in the way of temptation. If your husband took to drink after you married him, then you should bear with him, and pray for him, and do all you could to lead him better; but you've got no call to run into trouble with your eyes open."

"That's a sore trouble, mother!"

"Yes, my child, but the good Lord knows that, and He'll help you."

"You've done a pretty thing for yourself, Kate!" said Mary, the next time they met. "Such a fine young man as Charles isn't going every day; and such wages as he has, too! and such a nice little house. Well, you are silly! There's not a young man in the world that doesn't get into a bit of a scrape sometimes."

One short month after, the news reached Kate that Charles and Mary were going to be married;—and married they were. Kate had a sad heart enough as she woke on the morning of their wedding day, and sadder yet when the bells of the old parish church went peal, peal, at eleven o'clock; but the answer of a good conscience is a good thing, and she had that, and she had what was better, a sure trust in the mercy of the heavenly Father, who orders all things for His children in love. So she did not carry about her a sad heart long; in fact, she soon began to wonder at her happiness. She went cheerfully about her daily work, and seemed to get through it so quickly and well, that her mother would tell her over and over again, what a blessing she was to her. Then her little sisters were always having to thank her for some little kindness she had shown them.

"Oh, Kate, you have made my frock so nicely."

"You have made my old bonnet look as good as new, sister Kate; how very good, and clever you are."

"Kate has knit me four pairs of stockings, and I was just wanting them—so much." So the little ones would talk, and she could not but be pleased with their grateful pleasure.

So the days went on, and as they did, her peace seemed to grow and deepen. What peace is like there in whose heart the peace of God, which "passeth all understanding," rules? What peace is like theirs who have within them the answer of a good conscience toward God and man?

She knew she had done right in refusing to be Charles's wife; and before many months passed over, she saw that she had done wisely—saw it, how sadly!

She was passing the "Plough" one evening rather late, after having taken some plain work she had done, home to bed; when she heard a loud noise in the public-house. There was evidently a drunken fry going on—just then one man pushed another violently out of doors, both were intoxicated, the outside one stupidly so; the other not only pushed but struck him on the chest, and he fell backwards, striking his poor bewildered head violently on the flagway.

